

Finger Grows Bigger and Bigger *Filthy Classifieds*

No. 59

\$2.50

Strangler Tapes- Lady Carla  
Bianca- Donna- Amy- Ickie turns  
pro- Making it with my rubber doll  
dirty! hot stuff!

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**PUBLISHERS**  
SHIRLEY & PAUL EBERLE

# FINGER

THE MAGAZINE OF RAPS BY INSTRUMENTALITY  
THE ONLY MAGAZINE OF ITS KIND

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**SPECIAL AD OFFER!!**  
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The editors and staff of FINGER urge you to observe and support

**NATIONAL  
ORAL SEX WEEK**



**MARCH 14-23**

After months of pleading, lobbying and persistent persuasion the United States Congress has finally agreed to designate March 14-23 as National ORAL SEX WEEK. It took the editors of Finger and other enlightened groups months to get the Chamber of Commerce to support Oral Sex Week. So lend it your support. We'll show 'em we can get behind it! If you would like to enter a float in the Oral Sex Parade, contact Julie, at

# CHOIRMASTER'S DAUGHTER

Dear Shirley,

Amy was in my elementary school class from the time we were eight years old. She was always the "good little girl" who tattled on everyone and she was always well scrubbed and perfectly dressed and very correct. I hated her.

She squealed on me when we cut school and went swimming and she tattled on anybody who was doing something that was forbidden by the school staff and their rules. I always wanted to beat her up, but I knew she'd tell on me and get me in a lot of trouble, so I had to forego that pleasure and satisfy myself with insulting her whenever the teachers weren't around.

This is a true story that really happened. It's about Amy, I want to school with her she was the







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Figure 7



Then came puberty and everything changed. She started to look good, like a grown woman, and she liked me and I was still mad at her for tattling on me. We were fifteen or sixteen when she and a couple of guys she always hung out with invited me over one afternoon to her house. These pictures will give you an idea what happened.

I couldn't believe it. Amy was the good little girl who sang in the choir and went to church

every Sunday and was always so proper and well-scrubbed-looking, and always used to tattletale, and here she was getting DOWN!

I soon found myself getting head from the choir director's good little daughter who was bare naked, and I forgot all about being mad at her and we got down and got it on.

It became a regular thing. Amy invited me over 3 or 4 times a week and sometimes every day.





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Sometimes these were the other two guys there, sometimes just me and Amy.

One afternoon her father walked in on us. He was usually working during the day. He was outraged and told me he was going to turn me in to the police and the school principal, my parents and everybody else.

But Amy told him if he did that she would tell the police about his sexual adventures with two young boys in the choir and that was the end of that. Everything is cool now and the chormaster never gives us any hassle. Once he even brought one of his young boys into the bedroom while we were there.

If any of you would like to join in our afternoon orgies, send a letter and photo of yourself to Don and Amy, c/o L.A. STAR, 6381 Hollywood Blvd., Suite No. 207, Los Angeles, Calif. 90028.

P.S. Amy got married and became a swinger and I used to go over there two, three nights a week and hang out and talk with her and Raphael and we'd all go upstairs and ball, and sometimes

Amy and I would start talking about old times when we were kids and we'd get all sad and nostalgic and we'd go upstairs just the two of us and fuck. One time we were talking about old times and feeling sad and we started fucking right there in the living room while Raphael was talking to an insurance agent. He was really embarrassed but really curious and he couldn't stop himself from looking even though he tried hard not to look because he was trying to be cool, to be really hip, man, groovy bossa nova, man. I mean hip, man, hip!

Anyway, Raphael gets up and says excuse me to the insurance agent and comes over and starts eating out my ass while I'm fucking his ol' lady. The insurance agent tried to be cool, open, cool, but he was blowing it. He was trying to look down at the floor or at the window but he just couldn't control it. He finally just got up and left.

We did the same number for the Presbyterian minister once, but we had to cool it. He was freaking out. He would have called the cops or

# Hal and Donna

## At The Boarding House

All of this really happened-- not just in Paul Eberle's fertile mind, but in the seamy, steamy, sordid section of Seattle known as the crazy colorful creepy cranial Commie-infested University District. --or better known as the "U" District--

by Paul Eberle

The first time I ever saw Donna was the day I moved into Benny Fisher's Boarding House. I had just got out of the Army and I wanted a place close to the campus that was cheap. Benny's boarding house was both. Benny showed me the little upstairs room and I told him I'd take it. I told him I wouldn't have any money until next week and he said that was okay just so it wasn't any longer than that.

Downstairs in the living room where the TV was, he introduced me to a depressing assortment of sullen-faced men in their thirties and forties wearing factory work clothes. She was standing there talking to one of them. She was about 26 with brown hair frizzled by a cheap permanent, extremely fair skin and gigantic tits. She was on the plump side and wore a blue sweater and brown skirt. Like the rest, she looked angry and when Benny introduced me to her she gave me a short, sullen, "Hi, Paul," and then went back to her resentful discourse with the man who snarled, "That ain't right." She hardly seemed to be aware of me at all, but I noticed that she left the room for a few minutes and then came back wearing lipstick, which she didn't have on before.

It wasn't until the next morning that I met her husband, Hal, a thin man of medium height with a beaming, friendly smile and those whipped factory work clothes. He reached out and grabbed my hand in a warm, ingratiating way.

Not having much to do until the fall semester began at The University, I decided to work on my car. I drove it up into the back yard and crawled under. When I came up, Donna was there smiling, and asked if I'd like some coffee. I'd bring it out to you," she said.

She also brought a stool and sat down right by my car and started asking me all kinds of questions about myself, where did I come from, etc. "Do you have a girlfriend?" she said. "No. I've only been in Seattle for a week." "That's not good," she said. "A man needs a woman."

That night when I decided to quit working on the car, she was still sitting there. We had talked all afternoon. Mostly about me, mostly me answering her questions about myself. She probed relentlessly, wanted to know everything about me. Finally, she said, "Hal's working late tonight. Why don't you come over and have dinner with me?" I frowned, and hesitated. "What'sa matter?" she asked. "Are you worried that Benny and all the people over there will make a big fuss about it?" "Yeah," I admitted. "Well look," she said, "why don't we just meet down at the hamburger place on the next block- Gil's Hamburgers- and we'll go for a walk." "Okay" I agreed.

She was already sitting there when I walked in. I joined her in the booth and ordered coffee. "Don't you have any money, baby?" she asked. "Yeah, about thirty cents." "Let me buy you something to eat. What do you want, a hamburger?"

She paid the check and we took off walking down the street. We walked through the park and she wanted to sit down. We sat on one of the benches and she put her arm around behind my neck and started massaging my scalp gently with her fingertips. Then she said, "Paul..." "Yeah." "Will you do me a favor?" "What?" "Would you kiss me?"



I was only twenty years old and scared and there was something weird about this woman. For one thing she was much older than I and for another she was married, and, third, she didn't seem quite real. I mean I had the feeling she might be up to something really treacherous- like the married woman who went out with my friend, George, and asked him to make love to her in a park, and when he did she screamed "rape!" and he was arrested and sent to prison and she did it for the attention she would-and did-get. And will spend the rest of her life lying



**This story has all the elements of a great story. Sex, love, violence, perversion, the struggle between good and evil, set in the notorious University District of Seattle, Washington digit**

about it, and by now she believes her own lies, she's told them so many times.

lies, she's told them so many times. Donna was the kind of dumb, senseless person who would do something like that.

And when George's mother convinced a judge that he didn't rape her, and he got out of prison, the Women's Lib. organizations made a big cause celebre out of it and screamed for his blood, and demanded that he be sent away to prison forever, and everywhere he went he got a load of shit for it and every time he met a woman he liked and started to get a nice relationship going, she found out about it and that was the end of that. Women were really paranoid about him.

I really didn't need all that shit so I made some lame excuse about how I felt guilty about her poor husband, Hal, and I smoothed it over with a little flattery: "You're really an attractive woman, one of the most attractive I've ever met. Any man in his right mind would be attracted to you, but I really feel uneasy about Hal and all that..."

She tried to approach it from a couple of different angles like, "Wouldn't you like to just sit for a while and let me rub your back?"

but finally we walked home and she said, "Paul... do you really think I'm attractive?" "Sure." "When we got to know each other better, maybe we could be close friends. do you think that could happen?" "Sure."

In the morning Hal was at the breakfast table with all the other jokers in the boarding house, and he looked at me and smiled slyly and said, "I hear you were out with my ol' lady last night." Of course Benny had told him. Benny was the most gossiping fag in the world. "I just saw her down the street and walked back here with her- I didn't 'go out' with her I answered. Hal smiled, "That's not what I heard." But he was grinning and friendly so I let it go at that. About a week later I had the flu and stayed in bed and Donna came into my bedroom and sat down on my bed. Benny was out at a gay bar and all the workin' stiffs were either drunk or asleep. It was about ten o'clock at night, and she had been out somewhere I could smell alcohol on her breath- and she had on a black, fancy dress- one of those thin, silky things women wear to parties, and it had a real plunging front and her giant boobs bulged out and hung down flabbily as she bent over to kiss me. Then she got up and looked the doze.

"Do you mind if I make love to you?" she whispered and before I could say anything she had her mouth over mine and her 200-pound body was on top of mine and there was no way I could either speak or move away. She bear-hugged me with one arm while she undressed herself with the other. When she had all of her clothes off she sat herself down on my cock and put the tip to her twat and let herself down, forcing it up into herself. She took my hand and put it on her tit, and then put her hand on the back of my head and with her other hand guided her huge tit to my mouth. We fucked that way for a



Donna had all these different wigs and hats and clothes and makeup and she liked to change clothes all the time and change her look maybe four, five times a day. She really was a big ham.

long time with me sucking her tits and then she rose up for a moment, letting my cock come all the way out. When she sat down again, guiding my penis back into her hole, it was tighter. I didn't understand why. Gradually, slowly it began to understand that it was up her asshole! We went on like that for maybe ten, fifteen minutes until she fingered herself to climax. After that she asked me if I wanted her to bring me some coffee I said no. "Can I get you some milk, or a beer?" "No. No thanks I was getting scared again and I wanted her to leave before there was any trouble. She kissed me and said good night and then she left.

She got bolder. The next time she came into my room, Benny and her husband, Hal, and a couple of guys who lived in the house were right in the next room watching television and when she sat down on the bed I put my arms between us and said, half laughing, half terrified, "Hey, this is not cool at all!" "Are you scared, baby?" she mocked me. "Jesus, Donna, your husband is right in the next room. He's gonna walk in any second. Then what do we do?" I realized that that was exactly what she wanted. I didn't know why but it was clear enough that she wanted to make him madly jealous. She moved in for another kiss and bearing and I put up my hands again. "Hey! Come on! It's not cool. She sat back and looked reluctant. Just then Hal came in. "Hey, buddy! How ya doing?" he barked. Always the jolly good fellow. "Let's go, Donna, he pulled on her arm, and they left. She was dressed to kill, in that black silk thing again. --

In the morning when I went out to get in my car she was waiting there. "You hurt me last night," she said. "Yeah but Jesus!" I protested. "Hal would have walked right in on us. That would have been a hell of a lot of hassle for the both of us.

I really don't need that..." "I know," she said. "I just wanted you so bad I couldn't wait any longer, Paul. Do you think we could be lovers if I keep it out of sight and keep my mouth shut about it and don't get you in trouble, could we? I'll admit I was just being malicious at first but I really like you, Paul." I didn't know what to say. She kept trying to pin a down and I kept pulling away.

For the next few days I kept avoiding her. In the evening Benny invited me into his room to watch television and he told me Donna had a long history of getting guys to fuck her and then telling Hal and stirring up a mess of trouble. "Poor Hal," he whined. "He used to be such a terrific guy but she's ruined him."

I continued to avoid Donna - even to the point of going out the back door when I saw her coming in the front door looking for me, and I didn't talk with her for about a week or maybe ten days.

Meanwhile, a truck driver moved in. Within a day or two he was fucking Donna - she grabbed him right away. He was a big, strong dude.

Without thinking about it, I went over there one evening looking for Hal to get a jump for my battery, and the bedroom door was open part way and I heard





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voices and looked, and there they were, fucking, and she was moaning and whimpering in a high, thin voice and he was fucking her and grunting something in her ear but his voice was muffled and I couldn't understand what he was saying. I stood, fascinated, watching in the dark hallway and finally tiptoed off to the boarding house next door.

It wasn't long before Hal came home one night and walked in on them and saw his wife being fucked by the truck driver. It had to happen because they were doing it every night and every day, whenever he wasn't out driving his truck. Hal left and went on a two-week drunk. For the first two days Donna treated Hal and the whole incident with scorn, as if it were nothing to get excited about. Then, after a week, she began to get alarmed about Hal and went driving all over town, going from bar to bar trying to find him and bring him home. She saw me in the dining room and asked me, "Paul, have you seen Hal?" "No, I haven't."

Donna was getting more freaked out every day. What she didn't know and I didn't know either was that Hal was in Benny's bedroom and had been there for three or four days, recuperating from his drunken binge. It was Buzz who told me,







Buzz was a college student who lived there in the boarding house. He was one of those guys with a bizarre sense of humor, and it was late at night and we were both about half drunk and he tiptoed down the hall to Benny's room and then came back, and motioned for me to come with him. I did and the door was open just a crack and there they were, Hal lying on his back and Benny sucking him off, slowly, lovingly, passionately, and Hal had a colossal hard-on, and Benny moved up and kissed Hal and said, "Hal, I've missed you so much," and Hal said, "I've missed you too."

The next day Donna found out where Hal was and reported him. I saw them standing in the kitchen and she was telling him she was sorry for what she did and they were both sobbing loudly and then they went back over to their little house next door.

Benny, having lost his lover, did not waste any time in trying to get him back. When we all came back to the house for dinner the next day the dining room was empty and so was the kitchen. Where the hell is Benny's somebody snarled. Just then, a long shrill wail came from Benny's bedroom. We all went to the room and Benny told us that he had taken a whole bottle of sleeping pills and was about to die. Doug, the tough Irish kid dragged him to the bathroom and made him drink a glass of warm water with mustard in it, and he promptly threw up. When his vomiting subsided, he said, "It's too late, it's too late. Just do one thing for me before I die." "What?" we all asked. "Get Hal," he pleaded. "Aw, leave Hal alone for Christ's sake," Doug snarled. "Please! Hurry! Get Hal!"



Finally somebody went and told Hal that Benny was dying and had taken a bottle of sleeping pills and Donna said, "Fuck 'im! Let 'im croak!" But finally after several requests from various tenants of the boardinghouse, Hal went over to the house and stood by Benny's bed.

"How ya doin' old man?" he asked. "Not so good," Benny whined. "I'm dying." "Aah, you're too mean to die," Hal joked. We all left them alone and before long, the door was locked and we all knew what was happening because Buzz was watching through the keyhole and Jim was looking through a tiny hole in the door and the rest of us took turns watching an act of mutual fellatio. Donna came into the room. "Where's Hal?" she demanded. "I dunno," somebody answered. "If Benny's got 'im in there I'll cut his heart out!" she said. She went to Benny's bedroom door and knocked loudly. "Hal!" No answer. She called out louder, "HAL!" There was silence for a minute and then the door opened. Hal was dressed and said, "I'm just trying to calm Benny down. He tried to commit suicide." Donna went in the room and looked at Benny. He was looking very pale and she said, "What happened?" "He took all his sleeping pills."

In a couple of days Benny was his normal snippy self again and one night when the truck driver came into the dining room at dinnertime and said "When the hell is dinner gonna be ready?" Benny said petulantly, "When I get good and ready to serve it!" and the truck driver said, "Hey! Don't give me any of your shit!" and Benny said, "Get out!" and the truck driver said "Get out, my ass! get the fuckin' food on the table!" Benny screamed, "Get out or I'll call the police!" and the truck driver got up and made a lunge for him and Benny ran out the door with his apron flying behind him by one string and then it fell off and the truck driver chased him all over the yard and back in the house and up the stairs and Benny tried to get inside one of the bedrooms and close the door but the truck driver hit it and sent Benny sprawling across the bed and we could hear a lot of banging and slamming sounds and it sounded like the bed broke down and Benny screamed, "Look what you did, you sap!" and there was a slapping sound and then another it sounded like the truckdriver hit Benny real hard because we didn't hear another sound out of him for a while, just the sound of struggling and then Benny was giggling and screaming, "Stop it! Stop it! Don't!" and then more giggling.

Buzz gleefully tiptoed up the stairs and the rest of us followed and sure enough there was the truck driver fucking Benny in the ass and Benny giggling and whispering playfully, "Stop it! Don't!" and then giggling some more.

After that, the truck driver divided his leisure time between Donna and Benny, favoring Donna with slightly more frequent visits and of longer duration, but Benny bought him a new TV set and a shirt and a pair of those truck driver's gloves, and Donna bought him a new jacket.

About that time I met the lady I knew I would marry and I knew she was everything I could ever want in a woman and I moved out and never went near that place again.





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# BLOW- JOB

*While my girl kept  
his wife in chains,  
I sucked her  
husband's cock*



This is only one of the many exciting activities you can join in during National Oral Sex week. For a complete listing of the activities offered during this event ask for a National Oral Sex Week calendar at any of the participating merchants place of business. And support the merchants who endorse National Oral Sex Week. They'll appreciate it. Let them know that we're behind them so we can enjoy even greater participation from the business community next year. Remember- this is your event. Let's all get behind it and make it a big success!!!

*Finger 22*



DEAR Marie  
How does this  
action grab  
you? SUE

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# How I Fuck My Doll

By Mary

Dear Shirley,

I'm very happy that you see fit to put my photos in the *Finger* magazine as I'll be looking forward to it.

Shirley I had a few extra photos of me screwing the life-sized doll Linda. These photos of me screwing the doll is the copies of the ones I sent *Hustler Magazine* and they were published in the Jan of '78 as I remember. Since I had some extra photos I thought I would send you a copy of them.

If you wish to publish them you can any way you wish. You can use them to show that the Dolls can really be screwed and with complete climax.

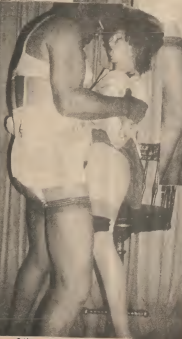




Figure 2



Finger 26





The first doll I bought had a fault in the seam and the third time I screwed it the seam started leaking air.

I bought another doll and I screwed it two years.

Shirley, I'll give you some information on how to care for the dolls in case you use my photos to tell them. These dolls will last many months if they are not over-inflated with air. Now another important thing: If a man is very big and long as I am, it's very very important to use lubricant jelly so that sliding is easy.

The Linda Doll I had stayed in my pamper bed at all times. I slept with the doll every night. I screwed the doll almost every night of the week.

The first two or three times I screwed the doll I had to get up out of bed and wash the doll out. It was too much trouble so I bought me a carton of rubbers and that solved the problem.

In case you want to pass on the information, the five photos of me and the doll is the start to complete discharge. Photo No. 1 is I make love to the doll same as I would with a real girl. Number 2 photo showing I'm stimulated and ready to start entering. Number 3 beginning to enter. Number 4 showing I'm pumping in and out until I'm ready to get my discharge or hold back for longer pleasure. Number 5 I've had all the pleasure I wish and holding all the way in while discharging.

Shirley this is how the exact cycle I went through beginning leaving the doll to complete discharge. I hope you can find a place to use these photos and be a help and pleasure to other male. I hope I've explained everything so you understand.

Please let me know if you can use my photos so I'll know if I'm a help to others. I can always keep you new photos of interest of myself if you wish so just let me know. I've been shooting myself with the needle of female hormone and I got big tits now which I'll send if you say so. I got the needles and female hormone legal from my M.D. Please let me know.

Mary  
P.S. Number 1 to 5 are on the back of my fofos.

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# ICKIE

## TURNS PRO

Dear Shirley:

This is your favorite oversexed brat, Ickie here. It's been a long time since my last letter, but there's a good reason for it. I have been working at a new job that I think you might be interested in hearing about.

About a year ago Daddy had to go to the hospital for treatment of advanced syphilis. Too much boom-boom in unhealthy swamp areas, I guess.

Anyway, I found myself broke and on my own. What can a poor little girl do? All I really know how to do is fuck and play jacks, so I decided to get a job at a "modeling studio." That way I could combine the two things I do best; jacking off (that's a do joke get it?) and fucking. Of course I had to lie about my age; it's a good thing I'm BIG for nine and a half. I put on lots of make-up and bought some sexy underwear in Frederick's Children's section and no one was the wiser. At first I was afraid that the other girls would find out how old I was because of my lack of education, but no problem, really. I made a deal with them to teach them to spell their names if they would fill me in on the sex stuff. As it turned out I knew everything already (Daddy was very thorough).

Lots of times men would take a session with me and want to do nasty stuff I don't like. I just said "No" and stamped my foot and did what I wanted. I remember one customer wanted me to sit on his face, but I gave him a big enema instead. I made him give me all the money in his wallet or I wouldn't take the hose out. By the way, a garden hose and a hefty trash bag makes a GREAT impromptu enema!



One day the girls were talking about birth control. I didn't say anything (I don't even HAVE periods yet) because I was afraid they would guess my age. After that I bought some foam and started using it. It was fun to play with; sort of like Redi-whip with a hard-on.

One night a man from Chile came in and chose me. He didn't speak English very well so I actually wasted a lot of my best "spic" jokes on him. He did have lots of money though and offered me quite a bit to play "tootsie pop" with his wienie. Then he wanted to put his tongue inside me. I don't mind that if the person hasn't been using Binaca (YOW!). He was having a great time playing TITANIC with my "little man in the lifeboat," when all of a sudden he started coughing and choking. He turned purple and red in the face and I started to get scared. I ran for the manager fast!

After the Paramedics left and everybody calmed down a little, the other girls asked me what happened. I told them about the birth control foam and they laughed until they wet themselves. "You stupid shit," said one of them, "don't you know that the spermicide in that foam irritates mucous glands?" (which the throat and mouth are lined with, if you didn't know). "No, I didn't know!" I shouted, starting to cry. "I'm not even old enough to have to worry about birth control, so fuck you bitches!" I knew I blew it (excuse the expression) before the words were even out of my mouth. Well Shirley, after the owner regained consciousness and paid me PLENTY not to ever tell anyone, I packed my black mesh stockings and left. I knew I probably shouldn't have told you, but I'm awful at keeping secrets. Also, I'm mad at that place because I caught the crabs there. Lucky for me I don't have pubic hair yet! Well, gotta go. Today's visiting day at Metropolitan State Hospital and Daddy's expecting me. He'll be getting out soon the doctor says.

Hope you like those photos of me and my doggie Scrotum. Too bad you can't print those kind any more. Oh well, there's a grammar school right down the street. I'll keep in touch.

Your Pal,  
Ickie

EXCLUSIVE!!...

# THE UNABRIDGED STRANGLER TAPES

...discovered by Lag Nelson

I TIED HER UP SO THAT  
SHE WOULDN'T SCRATCH ME  
OR BITE ME

For the exclusive enjoyment of Finger readers, the missing segments of the Strangler Tapes are now revealed.

We received a rather mysterious telephone call last week, after a major newspaper printed segments of the Strangler Tapes. The caller said that the tapes had been censored by the D.A. Some of the good parts had been deleted because the D.A. said that they were "too filthy." The caller said that he had an unabridged copy of the tape and that if we went to a certain garbage bin in the Hollywood area, we would find it.

Here, then, are excerpts from the unabridged tape, which the D.A. said were "too filthy" to print...

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I HAD TO EXPOSE HER ROTTEN CUNT TO THE CLEANSING LIGHT

D.A. — *Could you tell us what your signature was? What was the mark you left on all your victims?*

K.B. — Well, I know that you've been leaking to the media that there were distinctive bite marks on the girls. It was suggested that these bite marks were on their tits . . . that the nipples were bitten off. That's not true. I wouldn't do anything filthy like that. No, the filth is in the girls, and the filthiest part of the girls are their assholes. What I did, in an attempt to cleanse the world of their filth was to bite off their assholes . . .


D.A. — *Was this before or after you strangled*

*them?*

K.B. — It was before. Yes. Before, while they were still alive to ponder the wickedness of their evil ways. And they screamed and screamed and knew that they were going to die and right after I bit their assholes off I would ram my dick in their filthy asshole. Ram it in to the hilt.

D.A. — *Then what did you do?*

K.B. — After I got my rocks off in their ass, the girls would usually start losing their voices. I guess they were hoarse, or something. So I figured that the best thing I could do for them was to lubricate their throats, and the best way to do that would be



I HAD TO DETERMINE  
THE EXTENT OF HER FILTH...

to shove my dick down their throats. My dick was covered with slime and shit and come juice, and by sticking my dick down their throats they would become lubricated. Just to be on the safe side, I poked down their throats. I held their noses so they would be forced to swallow. Then I would fuck their throats and shoot another goopy load of come juice.

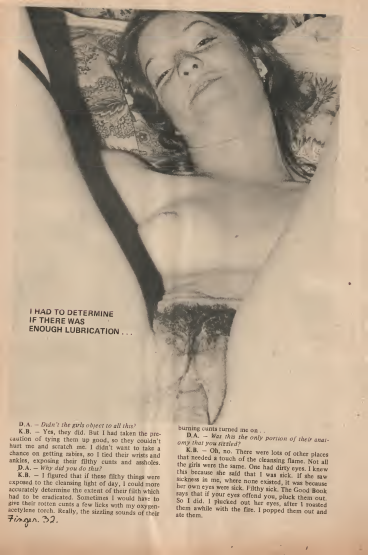
D.A. — *Then what did you do?*

K.B. — After I shot my load down the throat of the girl, I had to examine the throat to make sure that it was properly lubricated. The only difficulty in this was that there were too many things in the

way. Things like teeth and tongues. These things got in the way of my examination, so I had to remove them...

D.A. — *How?*

K.B. — I couldn't get a good grip on the tongue with my fingers, so I used a vice-grip pliers to yank the tongue out as far as it would go. When it was out all the way, I took a razor blade and sliced it off as far back as I could. The teeth weren't any trouble at all. These I merely pounded on with a hammer until they were loose, then I took the pliers and yanked them out. A dentist would have been proud of me.



I HAD TO DETERMINE  
IF THERE WAS  
ENOUGH LUBRICATION...

D.A. — *Didn't the girls object to all this?*

K.B. — Yes, they did. But I had taken the precaution of tying them up good, so they couldn't hurt me and scratch me. I didn't want to take a chance on getting rabies, so I tied their wrists and ankles, exposing their filthy cunts and assholes.

D.A. — *Why did you do this?*

K.B. — I figured that if these filthy things were exposed to the cleansing light of day, I could more accurately determine the extent of their filth which had to be eradicated. Sometimes I would have to give their rotten cunts a few licks with my oxygen-acetylene torch. Really, the sizzling sounds of their

burning cunts turned me on...

D.A. — *Was this the only portion of their anatomy that you sizzled?*

K.B. — Oh, no. There were lots of other places that needed a touch of the cleansing flame. Not all the girls were the same. One had dirty eyes. I knew this because she said that I was sick. If she saw sickness in me, where none existed, it was because her own eyes were sick. Filthy sick. The Good Book says that if your eyes offend you, pluck them out. So I did. I plucked out her eyes, after I roasted them awhile with the fire. I popped them out and ate them.



I BEAT HER WITH THE WHIP  
AND THEN I FUCKED HER  
WITH IT

D.A. - How many girls did you 'cleanse'?

K.B. - I lost count. I know there were at least 10, because I remember counting them on my fingers and running out of fingers and knowing that I would have to take my shoes off and start counting on my toes, but I didn't want to do that, so I started chopping off the fingers of the girls...

D.A. - Where did the cleansing take place?

K.B. - In my mother's house. What more natural place to cleanse the filth than in the home of the filthiest cunt of all - my mommy! She had to be the rottenest cunt of all and I'm glad I killed her. She hurt me bad when I was a kid, and when I was

growing up she constantly ridiculed me and laughed at me. Well, I got the last laugh when I showed my cock down her puking throat. It was I who was laughing when I slit her ugly belly and pulled out all the intestines and boiled them up in a big pot on the stove. Yes, that was enjoyable, and I went on and started to remove the rest of the horrid things - the filth of the rotten, putrid cunts of women.

D.A. - Did you strangle your mommy?

K.B. - Not intentionally. It just happened that way, when I showed my fat down her throat... and after she was dead I fucked her in her rotten ass and I beat her with a whip and I fucked her with it.

Finger 23



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**11 INCHES OF**



**ROCK HARD  
COCK**

Finger 35

A friend of mine for many years wanted to buy a small house. He worked hard and saved a lot of money over the years. He was self employed—and was well liked by all.

After several months of searching, he found a very nice little house in a small valley. He loved the large backyard and the trees full of fruit in the back yard.

He made an offer—and it was accepted. He began the procedures for the escrow. It was to take about 50 days.

Getting the loan after putting down a substantial down payment was the biggest problem. One might say it was like getting all the engine parts together for a Harley panhead engine except the cides; which are always the hardest, most expensive part to get, legally, that is. You may recall that I got my cases at a very reduced price and ingeniously fixed them up, and that they were legal.

Back to my friend. The loan officer who looked like a S/M type hustler gave my friend a lot of hogwash—not enough tax declared, papers not precise enough—not enough steady work in one place, at one time. My friend argued, pleaded and justified himself in trying to get the loan.

The officer finally gave in—with a compromise. He went to a closet and pulled out a large cardboard box. He removed from the box a manilla envelope, and dumped the contents on his desk blotter.

My friend saw before him about 10-12 pieces of what was once a complete loan. The officer said, "Here, take this broken loan with you. If you can mend and restore this paper so no one ever supposed it was torn up, bring it back. You have only three days to do it in. If it looks OK you will have your loan and the house." i.e., if you can fix these Harley cases you will have your engine completed.

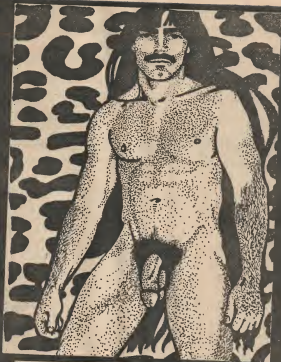
My friend took home the paper pieces in the envelope and by complex means of gluing and blending paints, restored and mended the busted loan so no one would ever know it was once torn.

This guy, the loan officer, got my friend also turned on. He was really cute. He went back to the officer with the mended loan document. He looked it over and saw no signs of tears on it. The officer went and put his arms around my friend, congratulating him, and saying, "You got the loan!"

My friend began to fondle the officer and they both began to disrobe. Then they both got down on the floor, and my friend with a hard on, got on top of him. They both fucked each other, until they both were satisfied. The officer thanked my friend and apologized for his past rudeness. Here—this loan is yours now. I will tell the loan company that you have qualified for the loan.

ANONYMOUS





# "THE GROUP"

*A Serial by Steve Paris*

## CHAPTER ONE

I found myself awakening from a dream of throwing my suitcase in front of a bus in order to get it to stop...the television at the foot of the bed was on, even at 6:30 in the morning. Peter was just leaving for work. I pulled the leopard bedspread up around my body, which was contracted into fetal position, and watched him place a \$10. bill on the desk as he left. Although he said it was for film and coffee, I knew I'd use it for my own breakfast out later on.

Had we really been participating in this ridiculous scenario for so long? Living in the dreary little studio apartment, which we'd painted blue and brown, in that section of town, playing games with Perry upstairs, Peter's ex-lover with a sinewy, hairy-chested body and golden-brown mustache, a boy that everyone seemed to want the moment he entered the bar? Could Peter really expect me to become his millionaire lover under his constant pressure to succeed, while I would pose for him knowing I had maybe two or three dollars in my wallet and no other money at all?

I could only wonder how at 23-years old, given a classic swimmer's body and a much larger cock, I could hold myself in such contempt. There were three different newspapers in the room I could open and see photographs of myself in, and yet I still turned away from the mirrors when I passed them, and preferred sex in the dark.

Perry and I had gone to the bar the preceding night, while he was already much too drunk, for too many days in a row, I still preferred his company, and his money, to drinking alone.

Manipulating drunks had become something of a specialty for me as of late, a skill brought on by necessity and believing gay bars were the only place to meet men.

TO BE CONTINUED



# THREE FOR THE SHOW



I am not a genetic female but acting the role as a TV for several years has brought me to the realization that I really enjoy giving a man sexual pleasure. I am also into the interracial scene as you can see by the pics I have enclosed, which adds another dimension to a very sensual, sexual scene and that brings me to my true story.

I had a lover whom I will call Jim. He was 6'4", black and heavy built. I dated him for about a year before he moved to the mid-west. He was highly sexual, very clean, and it was not uncommon for him to take me 5 times in one night. We would date about once every two weeks, usually going to a drive-in where I would give him some head and then to a cozy after-hours spot for a drink and then home to the play pen. On one occasion Jim called and said, "Would I mind if he brought a friend for some 3-way action?"





Well I had never taken on two guys at once before but it sounded exciting and Jim assured me that Ron was very gentle and really big. That did it. I said sure bring him along. That night at the drive-in I had action on the screen, the front seat with Jim and the back seat with Ron alternately grinn' their head, having my tits, lips and legs beautifully caressed. Both of them came during the evening and I made sure that none of the corn was wasted. They were hot and hard all the way back to my apartment. It was almost a race to the bedroom. They stripped quickly and their massive black cocks stood stiff and hard as I tantalizingly removed my blouse, skirt, slip, bra and panties.

They layed down at this point and I proceeded to 69 with each, their hot tongues, washing my thighs and deeply caressing my love seat. Finally I could take it no longer. I straddled Jim's cock and lowered myself onto it. He let out a sigh as his massive black dong disappeared inside my body. Ron then moved over Jim in a standing position so that his could look up and see his "womans" mouth completely engulf the massive black cock of his best friend.



DAX

"Yes, suck my hot black pussy, M.F.!"

He asked me what type of sex would I like? So I told him. Most girls don't admit to the fact that they would love to have their pussy sucked on.

His reply was "Honey I've never done it before!" Well why in the fuck did he ask me what would I like to do?

"You dumb asshole it's time for you to learn. The next time you ask someone what they would like to do you'll know how to suck a pussy."

Even though he was much younger than me, I realized that it was time for him to learn how to satisfy every inch of a woman as well as young girls his own age.

"I'm quite hot and really need to get off. Start licking and sucking on my ear lobe and the rest should come to you naturally." I've learned through past experience that the ear is a very good place to start. My ears are one of the most erogenous zones on my body. If a man sucks and licks my ears while fingering and fondling my hot black pussy I weaken. He gave both of my ears a good working over. He started on my neck and left it looking like I had been attacked by a tickle monster.

He started to lick my firm black shoulders and drifted down to my now erect chocolate colored nipples. He sucked on them until I screamed with pleasure "Suck on my hot black tits you low-life dog."

He finally decided to move on to another area. He licked my fresh clean underarms as he continued to fondle my pink hot clit.

By now I was reaching the peak of love making. He lost all abandon and then my long 36 inch long legs around his neck and buried his face in my wet-came pussy. He stuck his tongue in me as far as it would go as he masturbated my clit with his fingers. He sucked on my pussy tips as he slowly stuck his fingers up my ass.

"More tongue!" I screamed as I slapped him upside of his blond head of hair! I threw my legs wider apart as he worked on my clit with his huge Roman-type nose he scooped my pussy-hole with his tongue. I couldn't hold back the climax anymore. So I came & came like the falling rain.

Mistress Grace

## SUCK MY HOT BLACK PUSSY!!!



Crackpot Foto

by  
Mistress  
Grace  
MORE  
TONGUE!  
MORE  
TONGUE  
MORE  
TONGUE!  
MORE  
TONGUE!  
MORE  
TONGUE!  
MORE!!



### Three for the SHOW (cont.)

They swapped positions soon after and before the guys came they had me lay on the floor beside the bed with my legs and ass stiff on the edge of the bed. Each in his turn straddled my upturned ass and as the other one held my legs spread over my head plunged their thick cocks into my white hot ass. Two or three strokes in each case and as I watched their cocks disappear into me I could see their balls start to go into convulsions as they erupted their loaded cocks into me. I was thrilled beyond words with this 3-way sexual encounter. We enjoyed other evenings like that many times. I still do every chance I get.

-Barbara

## "Chapter Two"

I realized, as he grasped my ankle begging me not to leave him or the show, that my mission is to be a mistress. After giving it some thought I decided that love is a crazy game that is meant for others to play. I decided that I had exerted myself enough being nice, it seemed as if all my past men wanted a bitch instead of a lovable companion. I would spend hours and costly expense on my hair, wardrobe and make-up. All to no avail. "If a bitch is what they want then a bitch is what they'll get!"

"Get your stinky ass up and put your clothes on . . . don't you dare wash up, put your clothes on over that mess you made on your self, YOU-SON-OF-A-BITCH! After he dressed himself he asked me "what is your wish mistress? Will you have me clean your apt, or wash your car? Please give me a command!" Up until then I did all of my own housework. Scrapping and cleaning the oven, washing out the toilet bowl etc, etc. etc. How boring! "I want to eat out, you whore! Take me to a place that has table clothes reaching to the floor."

We went to a nice but somewhat busy popular restaurant in West Hollywood. We were seated. The waiter gave each of us a menu. "Hmmm he said, I don't know what I'll have to eat, I do know that I'm hungry." I looked up from my menu and waited for him to look in my eyes. "Don't take it for granted that you will eat at this table with me, you mother fucker!" At first I thought I would make him eat in the kitchen where the dishwasher cleans off the plates. "No, that's not where he'll eat, maybe next time he speaks out of turn I'll put him in his place," I thought to myself.

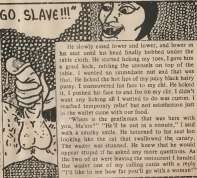


*Mean Mistreater ☆*

# MISTRESS SHAVES!!!

"SEE HOW FAR YOU'LL GO, SLAVE!!!"

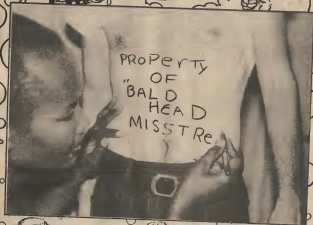
"Are you ready to order your meal madama?" I was furious with the dog sitting across the table from me, I looked up at the waiter. He was gorgeous, the fulfillment of every woman's dream. I became hot with desire. As he spoke his perfect white teeth picked up the candle light making his passionate red lips look even more juicy. His dark eyes looked into mine and I became uncontrollable with lust. The lips of my big black pussy puckered up for his cock. I only hope he can satisfy my lust. In the meantime I needed to get off and at the same time I was storming. As we started to eat my ex-boy stated "I think you are turned on by the dark handsome waiter." "So what if I am." "Well, I can satisfy all your carnal desires and those that are financial too." "Oh yes you four eyed gyp, well get under this table and lick, lapp and suck my pussy until I explode. I want you to leave my thighs perfectly dry after you are finished." His face turned heart-attack red. "Do it or get the fuck out of my face and never bother me again." "But mistress!" "DO IT!!!" →



He slowly eased lower and lower, and lower at his seat until his head finally bobbed under the table cloth. He started licking my toes, I gave him a good kick, rattling the utensils on top of the table. I wanted an immediate nut and that was that. He licked the hot lips of my juicy black hairy pussy. I massaged his face in my cunt. He licked it, I pushed his face to and fro on my clit. I didn't want any licking all I wanted to do was cumm. I reached temporary relief but not satisfaction just as the waiter came with our food.

"Where is the gentleman that was here with you, Ma'am?" "He'll be out in a minute," I said with a smug smile. He returned to his seat looking like the cat that swallowed the canary. The waiter was stunned. He knew that he would appear stupid if he asked any more questions. As the two of us were leaving the restaurant I handed the waiter one of my calling cards with a reply "I'd like to see how far you'll go with a woman!"





CRACKPOT PHOTO

That night as I sat in a silky bubblebath the phone rang. "Hello" I said in a soft subdued breath. "Hello" was the reply over the phone. "This is Yve, I had the pleasure of serving you supper." "Yes I recall your presence, what are you up to?" "Well I thought I'd pay you a visit. It's very seldom that I'm taken back by a woman." "Why don't you come over in a bit and we'll see what we can get into!" I laid back in the tub filled with excitement. Once I came back to myself I realized my hair was all wet. "Oh no!" I whined, "what am I going to do?" Just as I finished blow drying, Yve rang the doorbell. I put my robe on and let him in. "It's good to see you again," "Why thank you," I said. I made him comfortable and went in my bedroom to tie up or try to do something to my hair.

I guess I let him alone longer than I thought. He came into the room asking "Are you O.K.?" "I'm fine," I said, "I can't seem to do anything to my hair," I said as I threw down the brush I was using. "Cut it off!" he said. "You're joking," I said, a woman's hair is her crowning glory!" "True," he said, but you aren't the everyday girl next door type lady. With short hair you will truly be different and you'll stand out in any crowd!" "What a thought. How lately I've been somewhat tired of my looks. He came over to my dresser and said "see" as he pulled my hair back, play up your eyes and cheeks, brows, top it off with bright red lipstick.

Once the whole process was complete he fell on his knees and begged me to write across his abdomen, "Property of Bald Head Mistress." Which made him my slave forever.

GET 'EM, PUSBY!!!



# AT OUR SCAT PARTY WE SERVE POOP SOUP!

Dear Finger Folks,

I thought your readers might like to hear about our scat parties. My wife & I live in a middle class bedroom community suburb. I'm 36 and she's 28. Except for sex our lives and interests are much the same as our typical suburban neighbors: homes, yards, kids, etc. We were married for a number of years before we discovered our mutual inclinations to be stimulated by body elimination and its products. Both of us can recall early childhood experiences that were strong influences. In my case a group of sisters who lived across the street introduced me to the meaning of the verb "poose" by demonstration when I was about eight or nine; my wife experienced a strong stimulation watching a little girl who sat in front of her in school pee in her pants several times making a big puddle under her desk. Later, she enjoyed secretly pushing her knee into the behind of a little boy who sat in front of her in school.

When swinging & wife-swapping became popular media topics in the 1960s we discussed it and decided we wouldn't be interested in the type of sex parties we read about, unless the people were special friends and unless the sessions were designed to indulge our scatological interests. This seemed most improbable of happening, so we pretty much forgot about it for a number of years, coming to think of ourselves as anti-swinging people.

About a year ago, however, we began socializing with a young attractive couple who lived a couple of blocks from us in the same housing development. We met them at a community picnic and all of us seemed to hit it off right away. We exchanged a few neighborly favors and included each other in large buffet & outdoor parties. Before long, the gals were going shopping & having morning coffee together, and the four of us would get together evenings or weekends for cards or outings. As our get-togethers became more frequent, we began to notice that our new friends, especially the girl, seemed to lose no opportunity to inject into the conversation references to sex and going to the bathroom. Of course, it had been fashionable for some time for people to be more frank in mixed company than they used to be, and at first we supposed this was just another example of it. But this was different. They didn't seem to be trying to shock us or make a point, they didn't use four-letter words, for instance. It seemed to be more just something they enjoyed bringing into the conversation, usually in a humorous way. Finally, I managed to find out from the husband in a roundabout way that they both turned on sexually to urination & defecation, and were quite uninhibited in including their fetish in their home life and love-making. After I admitted that we had similar interests, but always kept quiet about it for fear of ostracism, he immediately suggested a sex party, but I was non-committal, and he abdicated. Saying he didn't know how his wife would react. However, at our next evening of cards, she immediately brought up the subject of our mutual



interest, and after this, our get-togethers became much less decorous, and we no longer limited our risqué remarks and stories to sophisticated double entendre and similar mixed company adult talk, but began to exchange really filthy locker room stories, complete with four-letter language (which, however, was limited to the telling of the jokes themselves, never passing into general conversation).

The subject of a foursome sex party was never discussed among the four of us, but came up from time to time between the husband and me by ourselves. Probably it was in the nature of a copout, but both the gals agreed that they would go for the idea only if it included at least one more couple, which seemed so remote that it effectively killed the whole project, or so we thought. From time to time Peggy (the wife in the other couple) would ask when we were going to produce another couple so we could have our orgy, but it always seemed far removed from reality.

Herb, however, (the other guy) kept it in mind and began looking out for possibilities. He told me he knew a young single fellow where he "worked" who would go along with our peculiar interest if only a compatible female could be found. To make a long story a bit shorter, it turned out that through screening a lot of women where he worked, Herb located a pretty young single girl in the secretarial

(CONTINUED)

# "POOP SOUP" (CONTINUED)



pool who was turned on to scat, about six months after we had discovered Herb & Peggy to be like-minded. We arranged a blind date (the single guy knew what was what, but the girl didn't) and it clicked. After about a month the guy reported he had scored, and the way was cleared. I half expected one of the wives to back out when the real possibility of a scat sex party presented itself, but, as it happened they both got caught up in the program of the "romance" of the single couple, and, almost before we knew it, the single girl had been chucked in, everybody had gotten acquainted, and a date had been set. Everyone wrote down suggestions for the party which were passed around & discussed until it began to take shape. We've had three evenings now, and they get better as we learn how things will work out. I'll describe the last one.

We set the time for 7:30 on a Friday evening at our place. We have a son, aged nine, and the other couple has two little girls, eight and six. We arranged for our boy to spend the night at the other couple's home on the pretext that our loud partying would keep him awake. We purposely picked a baby sitter for the kids, a 13-year old girl who is sexy, both in looks and temperament, in rather vague hopes that the kids might be encouraged to do a little childish sexual experimenting. We didn't dare hint anything to the sitter for fear she would gossip, so we don't know what happened.

We had our basement rec room (which has an adjoining kitchenette) rug covered with plastic sheets secured with carpet tacks. In one corner was a medium sized child's plastic wading pool. The table was set for a meal with our best china & silver. Everyone dressed in party clothes. When each couple arrived, we all exchanged French kisses, and by example we encouraged mutual fondling throughout the party by squeezing the girls' breasts and groping whenever an opportunity came up. I mixed cocktails to order while my wife served hors d'oeuvres from the kitchenette, which was screened off. After everyone had just about finished the first drink, I began to mix seconds while my wife went to stir the soup. One by one she asked each guest to come in and help her. When each arrived in the kitchenette my wife took the pot of clear soup from the stove and the guest was asked to pass it. My wife had a measuring cup, and each guest contributed just half a cup, using a large pot on the floor if necessary to catch the extra urine. After each pass the pot was returned to the stove to heat. After the four guests had each passed in the soup, my wife brought the pot in where we were sitting and set it on the floor where she & I took our turns pissing. Then the pot was set on the table, and we all sat at the table and were served the warm piss-based soup, which, of course, everyone complimented my wife on.

After the soup course was cleared away, I spread a deck of cards on the table and each took a card. By high cards we determined a "line-up" of the participants, arranged so that men alternated with girls, and so that no married partners were together. Then each person in turn retired behind the screen, which had been moved from the kitchenette to a corner of the rec room and removed all his or her clothes, putting on instead a costume made especially for the occasion, a short wraparound skirt for the ladies, made of plastic, and plastic trunks for the men.

From the kitchenette my wife and I then brought out six Fleet enema containers which had been emptied of their commercial contents and then washed out thoroughly and refilled with a "sauce" as we came to call it made of a commercial baby food strained mixture of tomatoes, cheese, & possibly noodles (I forget) which had been thinned with cream and heated. The "snoozles" on the enema containers had been cut with larger openings so the thicker contents could get through.

The girl who was number one in the "lineup" was told to assume the classic knee-chest position on a plastic cushioned pad, and the man who was number two administered the enema to her, shooting the warm "sauce" into her bowels. Meanwhile my wife brought in a dish of cooked Weisswursts (white sausages) which had been brushed with melted butter. After the enema was all inside the man gently inserted the sausage completely into her rectum, followed by a butt plug. My wife was on hand with damp & dry towels to clean off any spillage from her ass. Then the number two man assumed the position and was given his enema by the number three girl and so on until the number six man had been serviced by the number one girl and everyone had his or her ass filled with hot "sauce" and sausage. The first girl had been "holding" over five minutes by now, so quickly a large soup bowl was given to number two who placed it in the plastic pool and assumed number one to squat over it and expel. A large plastic bucket was on hand, lined with a plastic bag to handle the excess, and several guests afterward went to the toilet in the half-bath downstairs to finish. My wife had rigged up individual candle heaters for the soup bowls so everything could stay warm while the emptying of bowels proceeded.

When all bowls had been filled everyone brought his or her bowl to the table. Old-fashioned glasses with ice cubes and a shot of gin were taken from the refrigerator, and the "mixer" was supplied in the same order as the enemas by each guest passing into

(Continued)

the glass through a plastic funnel in the neck of which was the lemon twist garnish for each drink. If a man preferred an olive, his girl inserted it in her pussy before placing and then plopped it in the drink. Our rules were that everyone had to eat all the sausage and sauce, which, of course, was now heavily mixed with brown. Any solid turds (of which there were some in three or four bowls) were to remain in the bowls, but could be eaten around, provided that the guest would spoon or fork up at least one bite and eat it. This was mused on, and each participant would be called on to do it individually while the others watched. Likewise, everyone was required to finish the pin cocktail.

For dessert, three more Fleet enemas were brought in, filled with a thinned warm vanilla custard or pudding, and each man administered the enema to his female partner all at once, followed by the plugs. As soon as a girl became uncomfortable she squatted and her partner collected the custard in two dessert dishes after which everyone returned to the table while my wife served coffee and brandy also. After dessert we all relaxed in the rec room chairs and sofa with beers. After the feed, everyone stripped, and we did a daisy chain according to the "lineup" order, everyone licking the other's asshole. Then in turn, (inside the plastic pool) the first girl poked in the mouth of number two, who then passed into the next girl's mouth, etc. Everyone was required to collect a mouthful and then swallow it, after which the remainder would be used as a golden shower. Anyone who would drink the whole load without flinching or spilling would receive the prize (\$60, everyone having donated \$10 in advance of the party). As it turned out, three of us split the prize, two girls and one man. This was something of a challenge, since everyone's bladder was full of coffee, brandy, and beer.

While the prize was being handed out, two of us dragged in some plastic covered foam cot pads from the closet, and spread them out for the finale, which was simply everyone fucking his partner of the evening. Afterwards, everyone had a quick shower, partners sharing the shower and fooling around as they liked, and dressed, except my wife and me who only put on robes. The girls all cleaned up their dishes and cooking gear while the men cleaned up from the orgy.

None of us has had any ill effects from any of the parties, except some soreness from kneeling, crawling, etc.

We get FINGER from local porn shops whenever we can find it. Wish we could have a subscription, but we have rural type mailboxes, and occasionally kids passing by have tampered, so we think we'd better not risk it, and just continue as we have.

Good luck, and keep 'em coming.

Sincerely,  
Ted  
Fairfax, Va.

Dear Ted,

Truly a disgusting story. I have heard of "fruit soup" but "poop soup" is a recipe that will be left at the bottom of my plate (not brown). Thanks for your story - you see I have a problem ("shit re-tulsion") doctors can't help me -

Can you?

Shirley Eberle



# The Lady CARLA

by  
CARLA  
ANGELA  
REED

My apartment was very carefully illuminated - mostly with candles. Candle-light offered the romantic and mysterious quality every evening needs. It brought the room to life as shadows gently moved back and forth to the rhythm of flame.

I had spent nearly three hours stripping myself of every masculine attribute, accentuating only that which was most feminine. On that night I was determined to be a lady, an exotic and exciting lady. The time had not been wasted.

At seven o'clock the phone rang, fortunately, I was ready.

"Hello, Carla Reed's residence."

It was Frank. At first I was afraid that he wouldn't be able to come, because of his wife or something. But his call was only to inform me that he wanted my permission to bring a female companion with him. This caused me to hesitate. I assumed she was bisexual and could enjoy an encounter with any sex. But, my preference had always been male. Unless she had a cock she wouldn't really enjoy my company. Woman simply never interested me. At any rate, I consented - only because I was afraid that a denial would result in Frank making up some excuse why he couldn't come.

Forty minutes had passed but eventually my doorbell rang. It was Frank and his mistress, who I later learned worked with him. Her name was Jean.

Frank introduced us. I was very polite but envious. Jean was very well endowed. She had breasts that would put Dolly Parton ashamed for a minute or two. Actually, she was only a little bit bigger, but how many women are that big to begin with? So, as far as I was concerned, my envy was quite justified.

I told myself that even if Frank was attracted to Jean's enormous breasts, it was Carla who was going to satisfy him.



DALE RODART

I spent about five minutes praising Jean's out-dated hairstyle and complimenting her on her use of make up, her attire, and so on. In effect, I made her feel very comfortable and relaxed. She had no reason to feel that she was about to be outdone - her big tits and all.

After showing Jean around the apartment, we returned to the living room. Frank had smoked a joint by then and had had his second drink. Even in the dim light, I could see that his cock was firm and erect. That was all the reason I needed to go to the love-seat and sit beside him. Once there I gently placed my fingers to his throbbing penis. It was very warm and even through his trousers I could feel his pulse. His pants were tight and I guess it was a little uncomfortable for him to have nine inches of flesh in so little amount of space. I then took the liberty of loosening his belt buckle and lowering his zipper. I turned to Jean, who had been

watching as from the sofa and asked her if I should make it very hot for Frank, before we went to bed with him. Jean said, "Yes." And with her approval I began giving Frank the best head he could have ever imagined. My mouth became a hungry pussy. It massaged his penis, stroked it, kissed it, licked it, gently bit it, rubbed it, jerked it, hummed on it, and finally - digested its warm milky juices.

Jean was undressing. She removed her pants, exposing her soft blond pubic hairs. She then removed her bra, exposing gigantic breasts and excited nipples. But before she could join Frank and I, I invited her into the bedroom. Jean accepted my invitation.

Her voluptuous body really aroused me, but my real attention was still on Frank. Nevertheless, I exchanged embraces with Frank's mistress while gently stroking her extremely moist pussy. Occasionally, I

would reach inside of her with a finger or two. It drove her crazy. She acted as if she hadn't had any in years. It was easy to understand why she was so devoted to Frank. His nine inches of thick, hot, burning joy must have been sending her to the edge of sanity! But sensitive, horny, or whatever, my only intention was to keep her satisfied long enough for Frank to rejuvenate himself.

We both looked at Frank when he entered the room. His cock was once again stiff and ready. What a beautiful sight! It was pointed to the ceiling like a disco dancer. And I was more than ready to allow his proudly exposed penis to do a little 'dancing' in Carol's ultra-tight little pussy. I moved away from Jean, and began softly whispering to Frank to "do it" to me. I could see in his eyes that he was eager. And I barely had to pull him to bed before he was on top of me.

Each thrust took me closer to the ultimate joy — orgasm. My greasy him head was the best thing I could have done. He was aroused almost insatiably. He wanted to climax again, but this time he would have to wait. He continued with his deep thrusts while playing with my sensitive breasts. The sensation created by his moving cock was impossible to describe, but it was taking my breath away. I could feel all that energy moving through my entire body. I could also feel Jean's jealousy. But as far as I was concerned she was the first cut in this basket-of-hells game!

I pulled Frank's body firmly against mine as he exploded his hot juice into my burning hole of pleasure. Even my joy was in joy! I loved it. It made me feel that being a woman, that being a woman was in itself a beautiful condition. I knew then that I could never live as a man again. The sensation of having your body filled with hot cum is one that is impossible to compare — it's the ultimate! And Frank had delivered this pleasure to me with all the happiness that a man can give to a woman. No longer had I any reason to envy Jean. I had scratched the prize.

After they left, I showered and slipped into my baby-doll outfit. As I layed in bed, I wondered if Frank had really enjoyed me as much as I cared to believe. I doubted myself, believing that if I had not been so aggressive, that he might have gone to Jean. Perhaps, it was only the fact that he could see Jean more often which had him approach me first. At any rate I had been more than satisfied with the encounter, and there was really no reason to preoccupy myself with negative thoughts. I covered myself and fell off to sleep. It was only natural that I would dream of being with Frank.

The following evening the phone rang. It was Frank, calling to ask if it was alright for him to stop over for cocktails. I told him it would be wonderful. The doorbell rang within twenty minutes. Before he could finish his first drink I was giving him head much the same way as I had given him head the night before.

He was even more eager than ever to shoot his load into my mouth. I was more than ready to be his target.


Later he told me that I had pleased him much more than Jean had ever pleased him, and that was his real reason for returning alone. He admitted that Jean's huge breasts really turned him on, but that my ultra-tight pussy delivered a lot greater pleasure than tit sucking.

After two hours of continuous love-making Frank left. The joy in me continued for hours afterwards. My desire to be someone's total woman had met with success. I had received the ultimate climax of my life.

*That's my story. Female impersonators should feel free to write me at P.O. Box 192, Coram, New York 11727. Please include a letter which describes your physical and personal qualities, and a photograph. Interested males should also write: I love hearing from well-endowed men.*

Love,  
Cork





# BOO!

Dear Ted

Here is my baby story. There I was laying in bed, playing with my little hard-on with a 6-inch vibrator plug up my rear end and nursing on my baby bottle, when my wife walks in on me and sees what I'm doing. I took the bottle out of my mouth and was she surprised to see the size of the nipple. It was 2 1/2 inches long. When I'm sucking on it, it almost touches my throat, and it's almost like having something else in your mouth.

I guess you're wondering where I got it. Well, when you go to the food store, do you ever see the dogs and cats items? This is a dog pacifier. I got a new baby bottle and took the nipple out of it and then cut down the dog pacifier to fit the screw cap of the bottle. I drilled a nice big hole in the top of the dog pacifier, to make the sucking easier.

I put the big nipple back in my mouth with warm milk in the bottle and started to nurse again while my wife got down on me. Now, if you want a feeling like you never had before, try this with your wife, girl, or whoever. I guarantee you will be giving her or him a mouth full.

This is the only thing I do as a Big Baby. SUCK. I guess I'm a sucker at heart. A real baby bottle looks like this



My baby bottle looks like this



On many nights, my wife makes me a warm bottle before we go to bed, and I fall to sleep sucking on it. If any babies out there are similarly inclined, let me hear from you suckers.

With (sucking) Love,

Baby Billy  
Baby Billy, c/o Pinger, 6381 Hollywood Blvd., No. 207, Los Angeles, CA 90028.



Pinger 1/6/72



Dear Baby Billy,

Welcome to the Baby Club!

Your idea for a big baby nipple for your bottle is very good! Maybe some of the other big babies will try it. As for myself, I have not yet been weaned from "Mommy's" breast. When I go to my "baby sitter" I get real milk from the breasts because she also has her own little baby who is still nursing.

I am surprised that a big baby like you isn't put into diapers and rubber pants at night at least (if not in the daytime too)! Or how about wearing just some plastic baby pants (they come in big baby sizes, too!) - that will make you really feel like the baby you meant to be - even without diapers!

I almost always wear my plastic or rubber pants at night and usually wet a little. Sometimes my wife checks to see if I am wet and, if not, she usually cuddles me like a baby in my baby pants and pats and rubs me through my panty until it is nice and slippery. The she pulls down my panty and has lots of fun. Of course when I really am behaving like a baby I have to go to my "baby sitter", Mara. When I go to her she puts me into diapers

and rubber pants right away. If she is a little busy she gives me a bottle to suck while I wait for her to take care of me. The last time I was there my rubber pants were ripped so she just diapered me, spread my rubber sheet on the sofa, and had me sit with my bottle while she went out to get another pair. But, before she left, she had her neighbor girl friend come in to watch me! I was so embarrassed! When Mara came back with my new rubber pants, she and her girlfriend teased me and played with me like a baby and forced me to wet my diapers while they watched. Then of course they changed my diapers like a real baby with the oil, powder - the whole bit!

Well, that's all I can write now because I have just wet my pants and I have to change.

Baby Ted







## MODELING

TV COMMERCIALS  
ACTORS WORKSHOP

Deke Churley:

I have a sad story to tell you of the way my parents treated me when I was young.

My mother and father, when I was fourteen, told me that I would never amount to anything. They said that I had no talent and that I would just be a good for nothing fat whore. I told them I was going to be a model and a success. They laughed till they fell on the floor.

Determined to prove them wrong, I pursued my career relentlessly and at long last have achieved my goal. Today I am a success in everything. I have modeled for magazines such as "Obese," "Raunchy Mama's," "Greasy Gals," and even "Fat Partners."

My business enterprises are a success selling such novelty items as used Tamppons, used sex poms, and shit stained panties. Also at present I have an engineering laboratory working on my latest brain child, a dispenser of Bottled Farts. I figure that as long as Hustler Magazine came out with the scratch and sniff picture I can go them one better.

I invented the Snother Technique so popular now with the head set when I was attacked by a midget. I merely closed my thighs on the little fucker and meted out his just punishment to his demise. He'll never fool around with another 300 pounder.

I am saving up a lockerful of frozen turds because I believe there will be a market for them before long.

Now the last laugh is on my parents who doubted my ability to be a success as a model.

Your artistic friend,  
Gorgeous Bubbles La Smettes

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Bubbles  
La Smettes



## WOMEN ARE PECULIAR

Hi Shirley,

I am writing in hopes of getting a free subscription to one of the best magazines I have saw in a long time (Finger). Here is something that happened the last time I was out in 1976.

I was over at my brother's house. It was just me, him and his old lady. We were smoking some good pot and we smoked about 6 or 7 joints. Alice got up, saying she had to do something.

When she came back she was naked. She just sat down on the couch with us and started playing with both our dicks at the same time. Well, it didn't take either one of us too long to get out of our clothes and Alice just started sucking my brother's dick. I was in the back of her so I just started rubbing my dick back and forth between her nice hot pussy and her tight little ass hole until they both got nice and hot and wet and then I just started fucking her in that hot wet pussy until my dick got real wet and then I slid it all the way into that tight ass hole and she tried to get away from that dick going in her ass but my brother had her by the hair and was showing long dick down her throat. I could see by the way he was sliding that dick in and out of her mouth that it wasn't going to be much longer before he was coming all down her throat, so I just started shoving my dick in and out of that tight little ass hole faster and faster until super sensations were flooding through my whole body and I just exploded hot white come all up inside that tight little ass hole of hers. And at the same time I was coming my brother had pulled his dick all the way out of her mouth and just started coming all over her face.

You know, she never did like me too much after that. I guess some women just don't like getting fucked in the ass.

John T. Cole B88116  
P.O. Box 686 MCU223  
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# DOMINATION



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## CLASSIFIEDS



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# DUNGEON



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4'2", 38-48-34 155 lbs. bk beauty Egyptian-Sudanese roots. Is seeking low-life slaves & other dog type men. My legs are 24 inches long & on occasion I let my body slaves have the pleasure of being entwined around the neck with a tight scissor hold, until he gasps for air and agrees to pleasure me with his tongue. He must be expert on my clit or I will slap you off your knees and stick a dildo up your nelly ass! I like to spend sex's across my knees until they glow red with fire! The hair on my head is cut an inch short so that all can see that I am boss. My black pussy has lips that are invisible. My vagina is pink, oozing with sweet juices. I am clean only the generous need to call and ask for what you want. (312) 655-4426. Address me at "Your Grace". Incall only. 24 hrs.

(153-38-289-P)

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White, not bi, oral, non-smoker seek in 40 is 40 for adult fun, friendship. He - 5'7" 180, 37. She - 5'9" 175 22 busty blond. Enjoy our extended pool & sea. She wants a tall trim man, he likes all gals heavy OH. SASE please. Box 2593, Sepulveda 91342. Have the lady there when you call - no up meal! (312) 261-1544. Inp video, travel, horse races, movies, love. (82)

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23 yr. old gal is looking to meet guys of 25-45 for fun and frolics. I am a camera bug also. Let me hear from you soon. Send \$2.00 for sample and w/d letter. Send SASE and photo along. See photo. Deborah Sparks, Box 22809, Atlanta GA 30326.

The STAR is looking for older lady models in their 40's and up. Please write Shirley, c/o L. A. STAR, 6351 Hollywood Blvd., Suite No. 207, Los Angeles, CA 90028 or CALL (213) 462-2397 (TF)

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I'm 5'5", 165 lbs. I have br hair, blue eyes & I'm 36 yrs old. I'm marriage minded, trying to find a lovely widow or divorcee for a permanent relationship. I'm a realist, I like photography, I like to travel, I like the little ones, they're special to me. I am a surgical nurse (D.R.T.) and a L.V.N. I am due to get out of here in March, 1988. John R. Hicks, B-4618, P.O. Box A-E No. 1307, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409. (152-26-62)

### HARRY KING

No. 31-A-243 CS/26

I'm 5'11", 156, black hair, br eyes 27 yrs old. I would like to hear from a woman who isn't afraid to write a man in prison. I like to deal with women who feel the need to be real. Harry King, No. 75-A-243 CS/26, Box B, Cannemora, NY 12525. (152-27-62)

Girls - Women - don't be dry 18th century sex maniac wants wife or relationship. Want caution, Asian, Latin submission any age. Prefer short but I'll open, if you ever know a 40 - 50 - 55 year old woman do her a favor, tell her of this ad. Pro OK but not with me. I will put a dollar in every reply if your letter is worth an answer. W/M - 58 - Beautiful man. Resides, 11325 Oak St., No. Hollywood, CA 91602. (152-2-62)

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## ★ ★ "ANGIE" ★ ★

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Very pretty face and head with soft, kissable lips that part, modeling a closed mouth. (26) To allow Angie to give a man better deep throat than most women! (27) Soft, sexy, wavy hair that curls to the human touch, and is more dense than ever! (28) The most realistic soft and gentle skin you'll be touched on a female doll including a genuine "T" chest region, and a genuine "V" deep "tight" cuddly sex, the kind you simply see in those tight pants and always wanted to touch! (29)

**Human-Like Features GIVE HER UP**  
The "classical" feature that you definitely can make love to Angie, because of the above features, and that working is left to the imagination. (30) Her doll size is the real human size offered a doll that other men's 18" or 20" don't want the 28" (31) You can dress Angie so simply you like. She is 5'4" tall and weighs a similar size to that of a real woman of similar height. You can make Angie look or dress depending on how much sex she is infatuated with! (32) **BUILT IN FEMALE ORGASM DETAILED BREASTS**

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Angie's breasts (34) (35) (36) (37) (38) (39) (40) (41) (42) (43) (44) (45) (46) (47) (48) (49) (50) (51) (52) (53) (54) (55) (56) (57) (58) (59) (60) (61) (62) (63) (64) (65) (66) (67) (68) (69) (70) (71) (72) (73) (74) (75) (76) (77) (78) (79) (80) (81) (82) (83) (84) (85) (86) (87) (88) (89) (90) (91) (92) (93) (94) (95) (96) (97) (98) (99) (100) (101) (102) (103) (104) (105) (106) (107) (108) (109) (110) (111) (112) (113) (114) (115) (116) (117) (118) (119) (120) (121) (122) (123) (124) (125) (126) (127) (128) (129) (130) (131) (132) (133) (134) (135) (136) (137) (138) (139) (140) (141) (142) (143) (144) (145) (146) (147) (148) (149) (150) (151) (152) (153) (154) (155) (156) (157) (158) (159) (160) (161) (162) (163) (164) (165) (166) (167) (168) (169) (170) (171) (172) (173) (174) (175) (176) (177) (178) (179) (180) (181) (182) (183) (184) (185) (186) (187) (188) (189) (190) (191) (192) (193) (194) (195) (196) (197) (198) (199) (200) (201) (202) (203) (204) (205) (206) (207) (208) 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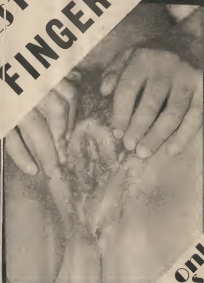
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*Finger 64*

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